MOAT-GRANGE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER I. They had brought down the pheasants in plenty; never had a first of October afforded better spoils; and they had lingered long at the sport, for evening was drawing on. Mr. Dalrymple, the owner of Moat-Grangewhich was a desolate Grange enough, to look at, with the remains of a moat round it, long since filled in-aimed at the last bird he meant to hit that day, and missed it. He handed his gun to his game-keeper.

"Shall I load again, sir?" "No. We have had enough for one day, Hardy; and it is getting late. Come along, Charles. Oscar, are you satis-

"He must be greedy if he is not," broke in the voice of Mr. Cleveland, a neighbor, who had joined their sport. "He ought to leave some.

"You'll come home and dine with us, Cleveland," interposed Mr. Dalrymple, as they turned toward the Grange.

"What, in this trim? Mrs. Dalrymple would say I made myself free and "Nonsense! You know we don't

your boots a brush. And, if you insist on being smart, I will lend you a coat." "As you have, before now. Thank you. Then I don't care if I do. Look out, Charles; out of the way." And, turning round, Mr. Cleveland fired his

gun in the air. "What is that for?" demanded Oscar Dalrymple, a relative of the family, who was visiting at the Grange. "You

have wasted the charge. "I never carry home a piece loaded," was the answer. "I have too many young ones to risk it; they are in all parts of the house at once, and putting their hands to every thing. Neither do I think it fair to carry it into the house of a friend."

Osear Dalrymple drew down the corners of his mouth, rendering his cold, unpleasing face more unpleasing. At that moment a bird rose within range. Osear raised his gun, fired and brought it down. "This is how I like to waste good shot and powder," said

"All right, Mr. Osear," merrily answered Mr. Cleveland. "To use it is better than to waste it, but to waste it is better than to run risks. All the accidents that happen with guns happen

from want of precaution. "Shall I draw your charge, Mr. Charles?" asked Hardy, who had a reverence for Mr. Cleveland and all h said, having once served his father. "Draw the charge from my gun? returned Charles Dalrymple. "No. 1 can take care of my playthings if others can't," he added, in a lower tone to

Hardy, with all the self-surety of a young and vain man. Presently Farmer Lee came up, winding across the stubble toward his home. They were on the farmer's grounds then, who rented under Mr. Dalrym-

"Famous good sport to-day, hasn't it been, squire?" cried he, touching his hat to his landlord.

"Famous. Never better. Will you accept a pair, Lee?" continued Mr. Dalrymple. "We have bagged plenty." The farmer gladly took the pheasants. He had no time to go shooting, himself, or did not choose to make it; work, with Farmer Lee, was all in all. "1 shall tell my daughters you shot them on purpose, squire," said he, jestingly.

"Do," laughed Charles Dalrymple. "Tell Miss Judith I shot them for her; in return for her sewing up that rent in my coat, the other day, and making me decent to go home. Is the fence. where I fell, mended yet, farmer?"

"Mended yet!" echoed Mr. Lee. "It was up again in an hour after you left, Mr. Charles." "Ah! I know you are the essence of

order and punctuality," returned Charles. "You must let me have the cost.

"Time enough for that," said the farmer. "'Twasn't much. Good-afternoon, gentlemen; your servant, squire. "O-I say-Lee!" called out Charles, as the farmer was turning homeward, whilst the rest of the party pursued their way, "about the mud in that weir? Hardy says it will hurt the fish to do it now.

"That's just what I told you, Mr. Charles.

..Well, then-. But I'll come down to-morrow and talk it over with you; I can't stop now. "As you please, sir; I shall be somewhere about.'

Charles Dalrymple turned too hastily. His foot caught against something rising from the stubble, and, in saving himself, he nearly dropped his gun. He recovered the gun with a jerk, but the trigger was touched, he never knew how or with what, and the piece went off. A cry in front, a confusion, one down and the others gathered round him, was all that Charles Dalrymple saw as through a mist. He dropped the gun, started forward, and gave vent to a cry of anguish. For it was his father who had fallen.

The most collected was Oscar Dalrymple. He always was collected; his nature was too cold ever to be put out. He held up his relative's head and shoulders, and strove to ascertain the injury. Mr. Dalrymple, though very pale, had not fainted, and he opened

"O father!" cried Charles, with a wail of grief, as he threw himself beside him. "I did not do it purposely-I

don't know how it happened. "Purposely! no boy," answered his father, in a kind tone. "Cheer up. I do not believe there's much harm done. Cleveland, I think the damage is in my

left leg. Mr. Dalrymple was right. charge had entered the calf of the left leg. Oscar cut the leg of the trousers round at the knee with a pen-knife, and drew it off, and the boot. The blood was running freely. As a matter of was running freely. As a fine should draw the charge course, not a soul present knew what she added, her shocked tone giving from mine, and I haughtily answered course, not a sour present and a many thing place to one of anger. "Charles is that I could take good care of it. Why or nothing, all being profoundly ignorant of the simple principles of surgery, but they stumbled to the conclusion that tying it up might stop the blood.
"Not that handkerchief," interrupted always so sorry for his faults."

be to get him home," "The first thing must be to get a doc-

my dear. I believe it will prove but a triffing hurt. But to see him borne one of my careless moods. What do tor," said Oscar. home while advice is coming."

"My house is nearer than the leg of his pantaloons cut off and his

Fron County Register Grange," said Farmer Lee. "Better take him there." "No; get me home," interposed Mr.

Dalrymple. "My house is not a stone's throw off, ice, sir. You know that."

"Yes, Lee. But-this may be a long job. I would rather be taken home. "The squire thinks that home's home," cried the gamekeeper. "And so it is; 'specially in illness.'

"The difficulty was, how to get him there. But necessity, as we all know, is the true mother of invention; and by help of a mattress, procured from Farmer Lee's, with impromptu bearings to it, made of "webbing," as Miss Judith Lee called some particularly strong tape she happened to have by her, the gamekeeper, two laborers and Mr. Lee started with their load. Oscar walked by Mr. Dalrymple's side; Charles, in a state of distraction, had flown off to the town for medical assistance; and Mr. Cleveland volunteered to go forward and prepare Mrs.

Mrs. Dalrymple was in one of the old-fashioned sitting-rooms of the Grange, with her daughters. Oldfashioned as regarded its construction, and its carved oak panelling, dark as mahogany; handsome and modern as regarded its furniture and fittings-up. Mrs. Dalrymple, an agreeable woman of three or four-and-forty, had risen, and was bending over the tambourwork of their visitor, Miss Lynn, telling her it was too dusk to do more then; Selina Dalrymple was trying a piece of new music, talking and laughing at the same time; and Alice Dalrymple, lame and an invalid, was on her reclining sofa, near the window. stand upon ceremony. James will give "Here is Mr. Cleveland by himself,"

exclaimed Alice, seeing him pass. "I wonder where the others are. Mrs. Dalrymple raised her head, and went, in her simple, hospitable fashion, to open the hall door. Putting it back for Mr. Cleveland's approach, she retreated just inside the oak parlor. "What a long day you have had!" she exclaimed, as he came in after her.

"I think you must be tired. Where are the others?" "They are behind," replied Mr. Cleveland. He had been thinking, as he came along, that he would make light of the accident, at the first telling; quite a joke of it; so as to prepare them without alarm. "We have bagged such a quantity, Mrs. Dalrymple; and your husband has asked me to dinner; and is going to accommodate me with coat, as well. Oh! but talking of pagging, and dinner, and coats, I hope you have plenty of hot water in the house; baths, and all the rest of it. One of us has hurt his leg, and we may

want no end of hot water to wash it. "That is Charles, I know," said Seina. "He is always getting into some scrape. Look what he did at Lee's last week.

"No; it is not Charles, for once Guess again. "Is it Oscar?" "Osear!" interposed Alice, from her again."

sofa. "Oscar is too cautious to ge into hurt." "Then who is it?" cried Mrs. Dalrymple, looking up. "Is it much?" ". hat should you say to its being me?" said Mr. Cleveland, sitting down and stretching out one leg, as if it were stiff, and he could not bend it.

"O, dear!" uttered Mrs. Dalrymple, running forward with a footstool, 'how did it happen? You ought not o have walked home.' "No," said he, "my leg is all right.

It is Dalrymple; he has hurt his a lit-"How did he do it? Is it the knee? Did he fall?" was reiterated around. "It is nothing," interrupted Mr. you, lest you should be alarmed at seeing him brought." "Brought!" said Mrs. Dalrymple.

'How do you mean? Who is bringing "Hardy and Farmer Lee. I suppose, left to himself, he would have been for running all the way here, and leaping the ditches over the shortest cut, so we just made him lie down on a mattress, and they are carrying it. Miss

Judith supplied us." "Has he sprained his leg?" "No," carelessly returned Mr. Cleveland. "He has managed to get a little

shot into it: but -"Shot!" interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple, in a frightened tone. "Shot!" "It is nothing, I assure you, said Mr. Cleveland. "A very slight wound. He will be out with us in a week again.' "O, Mr. Cleveland!" she faintly uttered, "you have quite upset me. Is

it serious?" "Serious! Don't vou see how merry I am? The most serious part is the trowsers. Oscar, in his alarm, like you, as to seriousness, decapitated their leg at the knee. They will never be fit to wear again," added Mr. Cleve-

land, with a grave face. "We will turn them over to Charles half his clothes are in ribbons.

"How was it done?" inquired Alice. "An accident," replied Mr. Cleve- say I do not deserve it." land. "One never does know too well how such occur."

know how to treat it. "Do not trouble yourself. We thought of that, and Charles is gone for Forth. I suppose his bed is ready,

Mrs. Dalrymple? He should be laid Isabel." there at once. Better be on the safe Mrs. Dalrymple quitted the room. to the hall-door, and stood there, look-

Dalrymple, trembling. "Mr. Cleveland," she whispered, "is to Oscar, cautious as he is.

it not worse than you have said? I think you have been making light of it to us. Pray tell me the truth; you to Lee, and was turning sharp round to know I am not excitable, like Alice." catch up to the others, and the gun

sense, because I wished to prevent un- my coat-sleeve. Yes, that part was necessary alarm. But I assure you, I pure accident, Isabel, but there is don't think there is any serious hurt.' "Was it his own gun that went off?"

"Whose?"

"Charles'." "Oh! But I might have told it," pilty of carelessness every day of his did I not let him do life-wanton carelessness.

"Do not speak of it in that aspect. be to your interest," he whispered. here on a mattress, like a dead man, a you say, Isabel?"

own leg bandaged up, might havel frightened some of you into illness, so I came to prepare you. Selina, were I you, I would draw the curtains before the window. They will soon be here, and the best room shall be at your serv- and a little thing flurries Alice. And do not let her run out here, when they

> Selina went in to act upon this advice. Mr. Cleveland remained at the door. Soon he heard feet coming round the house, and at the same time he saw, to his surprise, the gig of the surgeon turning off from the road. How quick Charles had been! He could not have been to the town.

No; it proved that he had met them, Mr. Forth and Dr. Tyler, who had been to a country consultation. All three were crammed into the gig. Charles jumped out first, and began rushing about like a mad creature. Mr. Cleveland went out and laid hands upon him.

"You will do more harm than you have already done, young sir, unless you can control yourself. Here have been impressing your mother and isters with the conviction that it is nothing more than a few flea-bites, and you are going to upset all I have done. Be calm before them at any rate.'

"O, Mr. Cleveland! You talk of calmness! Perhaps I have killed my father." "I hope not. But I dare say a great deal depends upon his being kept quiet and tranquil. Remember that. If you can not," added Mr. Cleveland, walking him forward a few paces, "I will

you shall stop there till all fear of danger is over.' "I will be calm," said Charles, "I promise you. Repentance," he continued, bitterly, "whether controlled or not, will do him no good, so I had better keep it to myself. I wish I had shot my own head off first.'

"There you begin again! Will you be quiet?' "Yes, I will. I'll go and pace about where they can't see me, and get rid of

myself that way.' He wrenched himself from the Honorable Mr. Cleveland, went to the back of the house, and began striding amongst some cabbages in the kitchengarden. Poor Charles Dalrymple felt hen as if it would be a mercy, for which he should be ever thankful, if ais head were off. He was generous, affectionate but thoughtless, and most impulsive.

As the gamekeeper was departing, after helping with his master up stairs, ne detected Charles' restless move-

ments, and went to him. "Ah! Mr. Charles, it's bad enough out tearing about won't do no good If you had but let me draw that there charge! Mr. Cleveland's ideas is sure to be right; the Earl's always was, afore him.

Charles "tore" about worse than before, clearing six-and-twenty cabpages at a stride. "How did my father pear the transport home, Hardy?" "Pretty well. A bit faintish he was."

"Hardy, I will never touch a gun "Not till the next time, I don't supoose you will, Mr. Charles. You may touch 'em, sir, but you must be more careful of 'em.'

Charles groaned. "This is the second accident of just the same sort that I have been in,' continued Hardy. "The other was at the Earl's, when I was a youngster. Two red-coat blades had come down there with the young Lord, him as is now the Earl, for a week's sport, and one of 'em (he seemed to us keepers as if he had never handled a gun in all his born days) got the shot into the other's calf-just as it has been got this evening into the squire's. That was a worse accident, though, than this will be, I Cleveland. "But we would not let him hope. He was laid up at the inn, close walk home. And I came on to tell by where it happened, for six weeks,

> and then---"And then-did it terminate fatally?" interrupted Charles, scarcely above his breath

"Law! no, sir. At the end of the six weeks he was on his legs, as strong as ever, and went back to Lunnon-or wherever it was he came from." Charles Dalrymple drew a relieved

breath. "I shall go in and hear what the surgeons say, said he, restlessly.

The medical men were still with Mr. Dalrymple, and Charles entered the oak parlor. Miss Lynn was standing before the fire. No one else was there. "Charles," she said, "I wanted to see you. Do you fear this will be very

bad? "I don't know," was the desponding answer. "Whose gun was it that did the mis

hief? "Whose gun! Have you not heard?" e broke forth, in a tone of fierce selfreproach.

"No," said she, looking at him. "Mine, of course. And if he dies, shall have murdered him." Miss Lynn's countenance faded to

sorrow with the words, but she did not "I see what you think, Isabel," he stock," said Selina. "I am sure, what said, in the mood to view all things in with one random action or another, a gloomy light, "that you will be better without me than with me. Cancel

our engagement, if you will. I can not "No, Charles, I was not thinking that," she answered, the tears which "We must send for a doctor," observed Mrs. Dalrymple, rising hastily. glow of the fire. "I was thinking "However slight it may be, I shall not whether I could say or do any thing that would induce you to become more thoughtful - more like a rational

being. "And less like a fool. Say it out,

"You are any thing but that, and you know it. Only you act from impulse. You think, speak, move, without the Mr. Cleveland also quitted it, and went | slightest deliberation; it is all impulse." "Impulse could hardly have been at ing out, his hands in the pocket of his fault here. It was a horrible accident, velveteen coat. Some one came quiet- and I shall deplore it to the last hour of y up, and stood by him; it was Selina my life. But it was an accident that might have happened to any one else;

"How was it?" "I can not tell. I had been speaking "My dear, I made light of it, in one went off. Perhaps the trigger caught something worse connected with it."

"What do you mean?" "Not five minutes previously, Cleveland had fired off his gun, because he would not bring it in loaded. Hardy asked if he should draw the charge rles, vears-"John, I sat for my photograph striding the room in his vexation, as to-day. I suppose you want one?" "He is careless," replied Mr. Cleve- he had previously strode the cabbages. land, "but he has a good heart, and is "What an idiot I was! You had better

give me up, Isabel!" Mr. Cleveland, as Oscar introduced a silk one for the purpose, "take mine; it is white and linen. The first thing will introduced a constant in the came toward her and laid his hands full to reflect that he should have shot in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and laid his hands for her shoulders, and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and laid his hands for her shoulders, and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and laid his hands for her shoulders, and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and laid his hands for her should have shot in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and laid his hands for her should have shot in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and laid his hands for her should have shot in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came to her introduced a constant in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came toward her and looked into her introduced a constant in the came to her introduced a constant in ey s by the light of the fire. "It may

TO BE CONTINUED.

PITH AND POINT.

-Few men have more than they

want, but all men want more than they have. -Wallace's "Ben Hur" has sold to the extent of eighty thousand copies. Many authors would like to have "Ben

Him."-Detroit Free Press. -When you see but little glass in a man's window you can make up your mind that too many glasses go into his stomach. - Chicago Telegraph.

-A Texas gentleman has observed that when he goes out hunting, and has his gun with him, and wants to ride on the street car, he has never yet had occasion to signal a street car driver twice. - Texas Siftings. -"A Southern journal offers a prize

for the best essay on poker." Here is the best essay on poker: Don't "poke." P. S.-We don't want the prize. Give it to any orphan asylum.-Norristown -A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a

what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy happiness." -A Philadelphia housekeeper wants to know what becomes of all the clothespins. We supposed that everybody knew that they dress themselves up in pantaloons and pass themselves off as dudes. It takes a sharp eye to detect

shop-keeper as long as her patience

would allow, said to him: Friend,

the difference between them and the real just march you over to my house, and article. - Boston Transcript. -The story is told of a famous Boston lawyer, that one day, after having a slight discussion with the judge, he deliberately turned his back upon that personage and started to walk off. "Are you trying, sir, to show contempt for the court?" asked the judge, sternly. "No, sir," was the reply. "I am trying to conceal it."—N. Y. Independent.

-Modern reading or an old rhyme Sing a song o' sixpence,
A pocket full of gold;
All the little boys have gone
A-shooting, I am told;
When the soring is opened
No birds begin to sing,
But every lady's hat is trimmed
With many a little wing,

A PLACID CLERK.

How He Mortified a Desperately-Revengeful Individual.

The receiving clerks behind the desks at the telegraph offices are cool, placid fellows. They take your message of life or death with perfect indifference, a bit bored as they reply:

"It will be sixty-five cents, please." I had my eve on a certain chap for several weeks before I humbled his pride. He insulted me. He insulted me by softly whispering to himself as he counted the words in the following

"Grandmother died last night very suddenly. How many of you can attend funeral?" When I handed in that message I ex-While he could not have been personally acquainted with my grandmother, he must have suspected that she was a nice old lady, and that her sudden death had greatly overcome me. Why didn't

he look up with a bit of sympathy in his eye and say: "Too bad! I know just how you feel, and I'm sorry for you. But no. He whistled and counted,

made a scratch or two with his pen, and carelessly remarked: "Three words over-seventy cents." And as he made change he told one of the boys behind the counter that he'd be hanged if he wasn't going to the dog fight that night. Then he picked up my dead grandmother dispatch and banged it on a hook, shoved me over some change, and turned away to re-

sume the perusal of a sporting paper. The next week I went in with a dispatch announcing that my grandmother's will had been opened, and that I came in for twenty-five thousand dollars. That man must have seen by my face that I was highly elated. He never had the fifth of that sum, and his salary had just been cut down ten dollars per month, but when he had read the dispatch he calmly announced:

"Forty cents, and you forgot to date And then he began talking to one of his fellow-clerks about slugging match, and how he won three dollars by betting on the right man. I don't say he ought to have swung his hat and cheered over my good fortune, but why couldn't he have extended his

paw and said: "Eh? Old boy? In luck, ain't you? Well, I'm glad on it. Send around the cigars and we'll smoke to your good

I made up my mind when I went out that I would upset that man's equanimity or lose a leg. I'd tumble him off he performed his tricks by mere sleight-that pedestal of placidity if it cost a of-hand. It will be observed that he had \$1,000. I'd upset, unbalance and unhinge him or die trying. I gave him two weeks to repent. It isn't right to rush a telegraph man out of the world on a day's notice. I went back one evening, and I felt a bit sorry for him as he glanced up. I knew that his wife and child were in Ohio on a visit, and I stepped to the desk and wrote:

DETROIT, Mich., June 6, 1885. J. H. Smith, Columbus, O. Please telegraph me full particulars of the accident by which Mrs. George Taylor and daughter, of this city, were instantly killed

I felt a bit sorry as I handed it in, not knowing but the man might faint dead away as he read the terrible news. Still, I had vowed revenge, and I would patch, whistled softly as was his wont, clattered the point of his pen along the words as he counted, and then

drawled out: "A dollar and twenty-five cents, and where shall I send the answer?" "Did you read that dispatch?" I asked after looking at him for half a minute.

"Yes. "Do you know the parties?" "Yes, sir." "Isn't your name George Taylor?"

"Yes, sir?" "Aren't the parties your wife and daughter?" "No, sir. They returned home this

morning-here's your coange!"-M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.

Risky, But Successful. "John," she said to the young man who had been courting her for five long

"O, ves, indeed." "By the way, John, I had them taken especially for some friends in California, and they want my autograph on the cards. Now, John, I don't know whether to sign my maiden name or wait a few months until after I am married. I in a few months, don't you, John?" It was a desperate move, but she won,

and in two months both will be made

one. - Philadelphia Herald.

A JUGGLER'S TRICKS. The Two Inimitable Performances By

Wonderful Artist of India. When he entered the room he spread white cloth upon the floor and sat have known several good men to be laid down upon it with his back to the wall, out, because they stopped a couple of the door of the room being on his right seconds to calculate if any one in the hand. His spectators were disposed in crowd would get hit if they fired. The the following fashion: Mr. Smyth sat on a chair nearly in the middle of the tive office. room, I was on a sofa near the door, the about an arm's length from me. The servants stood about in groups, the largest group being between the door and the conjuror. As soon as he had too late to consider the woman and the settled himself he turned to the Parsee kids. Many a man has considered this and asked for the loan of a rupee. The before he sent his hand back and on being guaranteed against loss, he motion to draw, you must only think produced the coin. He was going to how you can pump the lead into the hand it to Mr. Smyth's bearer. The bearer took it, and, at the request of the get to it. You can display lots of nerve conjuror, looked at it and declared it to standing out in an open space, but you be really a rupee. The conjuror then don't display much sense. A dead here told him to hand it to his master. Mr. isn't much account a few days after he's

dialogue: rupee?

Smyth-Yes. hold it tight. Now think of some coun-

thought. Then the conjuror ran over the names of several countries, such as France, Germany, Russia, Turkey and America abolishing guns (of course, when I use impression that America is in Europe. for six-shooter); but so long as guns go After a moment's pause, Mr. Smyth said

he had thought of a country.
"Then open your hand," said the juggler; "see what you have got, and peal. tell me if it is a coin of the country you thought of." It was a five-franc piece, and Mr.

Smyth had thought of France. He was going to hand the coin to the conjuror, but the latter said: "No, pass it to the other sahib." Mr. Smyth accordingly put the fivefranc piece into my hand; I looked closely at it, then shut my hand and

thought of Russia. When I opened it I found, not a Russian but a Turkish silcrown piece. This I handed to Mr. Smyth. and suggested that he should name America, which he did, mechanically count the words, and look and found a Mexican dollar in his hand. The coin, whatever it was, had never Parsee merchant. Mr. Smyth and his bearer had both of them closely examine the rupee, and Mr. Smyth and I turned over several times the five-franc piece, the Turkish coin and the dollar: sible coin. Indeed it could not for the India, that a rupee is only about the

the weight of a five-franc piece. He did another trick about equally as wonderful. As before, he was seated on a white cloth, which this time, I think, was a table-cloth, borrowed from the mess sergeant. He asked some one present to produce a rupee, and lay it down at a remote edge of the cloth. The cloth being three or four yards in length, the conjurer could not have touched the coin without being seen. and, in fact, did not touch it. He then asked for a signet ring. Several were offered him, and he chose out one which had a very large oval seal, projecting well beyond the gold hoop on both sides. This ring he tossed and tumbled several times in his hands, now throwing into the air and catching it, then shaking it between his clasped hands, all the time mumbling half inarticulate words in some Hindostanee patois. Then setting the ring down on the cloth at about half arm's length in front of him, he said, slowly and distinctly, in good Hindo-

"Ring, rise up and go to the rupee." The ring rose, with the seal uppermost, and, resting on the hoop, slowly, with a kind of dancing or jerking motion, it passed over the cloth until it came to where the rupee was on the remote edge; then it lay down on the coin. The conjuror then said: "Ring, lay hold of the rupee and bring it to me." The projecting edge of the seal seemed to grapple with the edge of the coin, the ring and the rupee rose into a kind of wrestling attitude, and, with the same dancing or jerking motion, the two returned to within reach of the juggler's hand. I have no theory to explain either of these tricks. I should mention, however, that the juggler entirely disclaimed all supernatural power, and alleged that no preparation of his surroundings, no machinery and no confederate. - S. S. Robinson, in Boston Record.

VALUABLE POINTERS. Four Excellent Rules for Pulling A Gun

in the Wilds of Nevada. "I think the general education of young men is being sadly neglected in this State," said an old sport in front of Sweeny's. "In every well-conducted university there should be a professor to teach the boys the use of the sixshooter. There are rules regarding gun-pulling that every Western man not forego it. He received the dis- ought to know. Just put 'em down and publish 'em in your paper:

> "First-Never pull a gun. that the time has come to pull it. "Third-Pull quick, with no flour-

> "Fourth-Keep banging at your man till he lies down and quits. "These rules ought to be pasted

monkey with a border gun. You must Francisco Post.

be quick-witted and quick-motioned A second isn't long, but it is about all the margin you can reasonably expect out West when the street duel opens. You must be entirely for yourself. I

other fellow ignored the crowd and is alive and well to-day, holding a lucra-

"Sometimes you stop to think of s Parsee merchant stood in the doorway man's wife and children. This is a good idea, and speaks well for a man's humanity, but not so much for his judgment. After you throw your hand back and touch the handle of your gun, it is peddler at first demurred a little, but, spared many a life; but after the put it in the conjuror's hand, but the other man, for you can bet high he will latter refused and told the Parsee to begin right away pumping it into you. Smyth took it, and then followed this dead. Some of the nerviest men that ever walked get behind a post the min-Conjuror-Are you sure that is a ute the ball opens. The best idea is to go without a gun at all. You hardly hear of a man getting shot who doesn't Conjuror-Close your hand on it and have the reputation of packing guns. If you have no gun you won't get too try in Europe, but do not tell me your sassy, and if you have a little row down town you ain't so likely to be hauled

home on Bray's express wagon. "If I had the say I would pass a law -for the native of India is under the the word gun, it is the sporting phrase everybody ought to know something about their use, and more especially how to use 'em."-Carson (Nev.) Ap-

WORK FOR WOMEN.

The Business of Interior Decoration and

What it Requires. Women are, it is universally admitted, decorators by nature and choice. Even under the depressing conditions of barbarous life or in the discouraging environment of poverty within civilized ver piece, about the size of the community-a situation often even more five-franc piece, or of our own hopeless than barbarism itself-women will find some means to adorn first themselves and secondly their homes. It is very touching to see in the poor dwelling of the struggling farmer or in been in the conjurer's hand from the the often far poorer abode of the laborer time the rupee was borrowed from the in our great cities what heroic efforts poor women will make to brighten and beautify their shabby surroundings.

Among the prosperous or comfortable classes, however, in which are found the so the trick did not depend on a rever- greater proportion of the dwellers in our fortunate land, the efforts of wives coin underwent three changes, as has and daughters at home decoration are been seen. I need only add, for the in-formation of those readers who know find numberless beautiful homes adorned with the work wrought by dainty finsize of a florin, and therefore about half gers. Indeed, home decoration has been a craze for some years among well-todo women, and the work has been often overdone, so that extravagance of decoration has rendered the result repulsive rather than pleasing. Some women have natural taste in arrangement, and, even though without instruction in the principles of art and color combination, can unite decorations so as to render them pleasing to the eye of the beholder. But others have not this natural gift, and these should call upon others possessed of some knowledge of art to help them in the work of household decorating. Art knowledge is progressing rapidly in this country, and here opens a wide field of attractive and remunerative work for energetic

With the advance in art knowledge there is a growing desire everywhere to become acquainted with the most pleasing modes of decoration. Everywhere there are homes waiting to be made attractive and beautiful within. Everywhere there is a demand for better information on the subject of decoration, and vet, except in a few large cities, there is no organized means of meeting this demand. In every one of the thousands of smaller cities and towns, then, throughout the land there is a place which an enterprising woman could readily fill, and by so doing create an industry perhaps for a score of her sex. Such a person should have primarily, a knowledge of drawing and painting. She should take a course of study at some good art school, and then make herself thoroughly acquainted with the material used by the professional decorators in a city like New York. Chicago or Philadelphia. Then, armed with plans, price-lists and patterns, let her go to some thriving interior town and establish herself as a household decorator. Such a woman will have to exercise patience, of course, in getting her business started, and she must be able to show those whose patronage she seeks that she is both efficient and practical. But with the exercise of diligence and patience she will unquestionably win success, and may build up from very small beginnings, if she can exercise economy, as well as skill, a lucrative and flourish-

ing business .- Philadelphia Times.

tropolis of the Pacific Coast.

AN UGLY CITY. A San Francisco Editor's View of the Me-

San Francisco is probably the ugliest city in the Union, despite her beautiful surroundings, her ideal situation, her ravishing water view. Nature has supplied her with charms galore, but on her face the deforming hand of man has "Second-If you do pull, be dead sure | left heavy, hideous marks. Her architecture is a nightmare of gray and wooden horrors; her houses lack both paint and dignity, and are huddled together, separated by the omnipresent, ultra-ugly, all-prevading fence. A tall, every man's hat. If people would al- wooden fence has its obvious use in ways observe this schedule there would rural districts, where it protects the be a good deal less trouble. Take, for grounds and gardens of the residents instance, some young man who thinks from the unwelcome incursions of rovhe is insulted and wants to shoot some- ing cattle, but it is many a year since body, or scare somebody, or make kine and swine have been permitted to a general ass of himself. He takes a gambol about the San Francisco streets. step forward with a melo-dramatic and there is neither sense nor beauty in stride, strikes a position and begins to the large, wooden structures which surmake flourishes for his hip-pocket, round the lawns and parterres of every Then he pulls his gun and begins to do second house in San Francisco. Eastfilagree work in the air. While he is ern cities have long since abandoned doing the scollops as if he were on the fences, except in some cases, where a stage, the other fellow quietly pulls, lets go and sends the lead through him.
Then they pack him to the coroner and beautiful boulevards of Chicago, Cinfind that he was killed in self-defense. | cinnati, Detroit or Boston without see-"Now, you see, if he had observed ing a fence of any description. There His son and His acts, his sales, his majesty. Certainly rule No. 1, he would have been alive to-day, or, after violating rule one, if he had observed the proposition laid down in rules three and four, he might have flowers stretches away indefinitely, unbeen alive-mebbe, or at least if he was marred by the painted excrescences dead the other fellow might have been which render our streets as lugubrious suppose you do intend to get married dead, too. At least he has a chance of as the shadow of convent walls, which securing more points out of a possible neither adorn nor defend, but successfully conceal the really beautiful lawns "A slow-handed man had better not which lie behind their aged backs.—San own.—Ruskin.

SABBATH-DAY READING.

IF GOD BE IN THE HEART.

Though skies may frown,
And friends prove false,
And fortune's smile depart
The spirit soars
Unheeding each
If God be in the heart.

Tears will not fall, Save those of joy, If hope still bids us fair, And bosoms true Scarce heed a wound If God still lingers there The sacred balm

For age designed,
To heal each hidden smar,
Is love and trust
In that tried One
Who dwelleth in the hears. But oh! so few Hold fast the bliss These unseen ties impart They turn away And cherish not God's kingdom in the heart.

They scatter pearls
Beneath their feet
And lock their hearts of stone,
And deem all faith
In God and man
Unhallowed as their own.
—Mrs. E. R. Dye, in Interior.

EDUCATION. Christianity Always Its Originator and

Promoter. The relation of Christianity to popular education is a parental relation. Christianity has always been the originator and promoter of education. O the church, indeed, this must be said with some qualifications; for there have been periods when nothing in the world was more frightfully unchristian than the ecclesiastical machine. * * * If, therefore, it is true that the church at certain periods has shown scant favor to other than theological science, it is nevertheless true that the drift of

Christian teaching and discipline has been toward the diffusion of learning. The uniform testimony of the Sacred Scriptures is of this tenor. The value of knowledge is everywhere insisted on. It is, indeed, asserted that knowl-edge must rank below love; but if the Scriptures seem to disparage knowledge, it is the knowledge that despises virtue. Every careful reader of the Bible knows that the value of intelligence as the foundation of character and the solid basis of National welfare is taught with iteration and emphasis in both Testaments. Neither is the knowledge thus praised exclusively religious knowledge. The man of the Biblical history most renowned for his wisdom, and most applauded for his pursuit of wisdom, was not conspicuously a theologian, but a man

who seems to have mastered what was honorable in his time of the "humanities." This wisdom of Solomon's did not keep him from falling into an abyss of sensuality; but the record does not intimate that his fall was the fruit of his learning; it was rather in spite of his learning. His wisdom is always commended and never censured. The Bible, the Christian's text-book, may Even in the ages of darkness, when the Bible was not in the hands of the people, the churches and the monasteries kept alive what learning was left in the world. Through all this period the councils of the church steadily re-

quired the clergy to provide gratuitous instruction for the young. Theodulph, one of Charlemagne's bishops, issued the following instruction to his clergy: "Let the elders establish schools in towns and villages, and if any of the faithful wish to intrust to them their children to be taught letters, let them not decline to receive and teach them, but with the utmost care instruct them. And when they thus teach, let them take from them no recompense for their service, nor accept any thing from them, except what parents, in the exercise of charity, of their own accord may offer them." This epistle of Theodulph is a fair sample of numerous admonitions addressed during these times, by councils and dignitaries, to the inferior clergy. Charlemagne himself gave orders that schools be opened everywhere "to teach children to read," and that "in every monastery some one teach psalms, writing, arithmetic and grammar." The great King's zeal for learning is noteworthy when it is remembered that his literary acquisitions stopped short with the art of reading, and left room for a dispute among the historians as to his ability to write his name. The reasonings of his decree show how closely he connects learning and religion; he urges that, just as good conduct is prescribed by a definite rule, so also must teaching and learning be systematically carried

please Him also by right speaking."-Washington Gladden, in Century Maga-

on, "that those who seek to please

God by right living may not neglect to

DO NOT SWEAR.

Ten Excellent Reasons for Avoiding a Most Reprehensible Habit. 1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a

sheep as swear. 2. It is vulgar-altogether too low for a decent boy. 3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed. 4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentle-

man, according to Webster, is a genteel man-well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney

5. It is indecent-offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human

6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense." 7. It is abusive—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it and to the person at

whom it is aimed. 8. It is venomous—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers; and every time he swears, one of them sticks out his head.

9. It is contemptible-forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good. 10. It is wicked-violating the Divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain .- United

-A modern hymn, as a rule, is full of man, full of his wants, of his aspirations, his anticipations, his hopes, his fears. Full of his religious self perhaps, but still full of self. But an anhymn, as a rule, is full of Goo full of His wonderful attributes, and of His Son and His acts, His sufferings, ancient Christianity did justice to the needs and moods of the soul, just as in the Psalms they found the soul's separate needs of hope, fear, penitence and exaltation so abundantly provided for.

-Canon Liddon. -All great art is the expression of man's delight in God's work, not his